"LABBY."

DIPLOMATIST - JOURNALIST - POLITICIAN -MINISTER?

Westminster, September 26. One of the minor but not least interesting questions discussed in view of the formation of a Lib- lett was an incessant participator in debate, a rough eral Ministry is what will be done with Mr. Labou. and irresponsible critic of things in general and chere-"Labby," to quote his more universally the House of Commons and out of it one of the most active agents of Liberalism, and Conservative authorities, for purposes of their own easily recognizable, take it as a matter of course that when Mr. Gladstone forms his Ministry some place must be found for the guerilla chief. That such speculation should form part of the ordinary political conversation of the day would, ten years ago, have seemed impossible. Mr. Labouchere has for s quarter of a century filled a peculiar and increasingly prominent place in English life. But only within the last two or three years has he come to be regarded in a serious light as a politician. From his earliest boyhood he has been connected with public affairs. He entered the diplomatic service during the Crimean War, a youth of twenty-three. He managed to see a good leal of life, and must have brought his immediate superiors into keen sympathy with the frame of mind described in Ecclesiastes "when the grasshopper shall be a burden." After ten years' experience of diplomatic life he retired. But the pemories of the period dwell with him, and furnish him in Committee of Supply on the Civil Service estimates with many quaint if occasionally

apocryphal stories and illustrations. One of the best known is of his journey from Dresden to Constantinople, which he quotes as illustrating the inoperative niggardliness which rules at the Foreign Office in contrast with the wealth lavished on the Continental residences of British Ambassadors. The young attache not putting in an appearance at Constantinople at the appointed period, formal inquiry was made as to the reason for the delay. After much trouble and considerable expense the missive reached his hand, and in due course a letter arrived at the Foreign Office stating that as inadequate provision had been made for his travelling expenses, and that as bis private means were limited, Mr. Labouchere was walking, and would in due time reach the shores of the Bosphorus. Another legend of his diplomatic career has its locality fixed at Washington, where he was for some One day an aggressively irate countryman with a grievance presented himself at the office, and demanded to see the British Minister. He was shown into Mr. Labouchere's room, who, with the snavity which never deserts him in the most pressing moments, explained that his Excellency was not in. "Well," said the visitor, evidently suspecting subterfuge, I must see him and will wait till he comes." "Very good," said Mr. Labouchere, "pray, take a chair," and he resumed his writing. At the end of an hour the Britisher, still fretting and fuming, asked when the Minister would be back. "I really cannot say, exactly," the attache answered. But you expect him back?' the visitor insisted. "Oh, certainly," said Mr. Labouchere, and went

on writing, as Madame Defarge, on a famous occasion, went on knitting. At the end of another hour the irate visitor, bouncing up, insisted on knowing what were the habits of the Minister at that period of the day. Was he likely to be in in another hour; "I think not," said Mr. Labouchere with increased blandness; "the fact is, he sailed for Europe on Wednesday and can hardly yet have reached Queenstown. But, you know, you said you would wait till he came in, so I offered you a chair." It was in 1864 that Mr. Labouchers retired

from the Diplomatic Service, and promptly turned his attention to political life. By an odd coincidence, this extremest of Radicals entered the House of Commons as Member for the Royal borbugh of Windsor, an anomaly promptly adjusted by his being unseated on petition, bribery and corruption being alleged against this blameless Senator. That was in 1866. In the following year he successfully contested Middlesex, but his tenure of the seat was equally brief. In the following year came the general election, and though all over the country Liberals were returned in swarms, Middlesex left Mr. Labouchere out in the cold. Up to this period he had not secured wide recognition outside Parliament and club circles. The breaking out of the Franco-German War gave him the onn has always been sy When the Germans closed around Paris seize. Mr. Labouchere voluntarily submitted to be shut up in the capital, and all the world, reading "The Daily News," profited by the letters from "A Besieged Resident" who photographed in merciless severity and cynical humor daily life in the beleaguered city. Probably it was this episode that turned Mr. Labouchere's attention to journal. ism. When, a year or two later, Mr. Edmund Yates established "The World," he contributed to it a series of City articles which did much to concentrate public attention on the vigorous newcomer to weekly journalism. In 1876 Mr. Labouchere established "Truth," which, instinct in every page with his brilliant individuality, was a success from the first, and is now a potent factor both in political and social life.

It was at the General Election of 1880 that Mr. Labouchere found an ideal constituency to represent in the House of Commons. Politically, he was made for Northampton and Northampton for The accident of his having Mr. Bradlaugh for colleague served to bring him into prominence in the earliest days of the new Parliament. The Bradlaugh incident overshadowed everything, and Mr. Labouchere rode on the whirlwind, though, thanks to the defection of a number of Liberals who supported the Conservative opposition in a course they have since done their best to retrace, he did not control the storm. Full justice has never been done to the loyalty of his conduct toward a colleague who possibly was not personally attractive. It is Mr. Labouchere's own fault that he is never taken seriously, but he was serious enough in the dogged, resourceful, implacable fight he made for Bradlaugh, a fight which ended in final victory only when the junior Member for Northampton was on his death-bed. Mr. Labouchere found in Parliamentary life, combined with the editing of "Truth," precisely the outlet for his energy which he had sought in various directions during a period of twenty-six years. When he first entered the House he was disappoint. ing as a speaker. It is true he was handicapped by the often fatal condition that the House expected much from him. His writing was familiar to all; his brilliant conversational powers were at least widely known by repute. When he rose on the dull flood of debate, people expected him to sparkle, and he failed, partly perhaps, because conscious of what was expected from him, he tried to live up to the standard. His speeches were too long his impromptus bore too evident mark of cogitation. There was a time, dangerously pro-longed, when he threatened to be a Parliamentary failure. He improved as the Parliquent of 1880 went on, but had his career closed in 1885 it could not have been regarded as strikingly successful.

It is in the present Parliament that Mr. Labouchere has found his opportunity, and has won for himself a place not only in the House, but in the country, which makes it natural for every one to be asking what post he shall have when the long fight is over and the battle won. Like Lord Randolph Churchill and Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Labouchere's native air is that breathed on the Opposition benches. With his own political friends office, his area of attack is limited, though to do him justice the limitation is not drawn at inconvenient points. In any circumstances he will have his joke even if it contributes to the adversary acquiring his friend's estate. This is a natural and irresistible disposition which it would be well to take into account in any speculation as to Mr. Labouchere's future in connection with the return of Mr. Gladstone to power. It is probable enough that office will be offered to bim; but will be take it? It is not well to prophesy with respect to so versatile a personage, but I

venture to think that Mr. Labouchere will decline to sell his birthright for whatever alluring mess of pottage may be proffered. He has not lived through five years with the awful example of Mr. Ashmead Bartlett before his eyes without profiting by it. There is no point of comparison between the two save this, that when the Conservatives were in Opposition, Mr. Ashmead Bartthe action of Mr. Gladstone in particular. There is no doubt that he is in Tempted by the offer of a minor post in the Ministry with a salary of £1,000 a year, he consented to be gagged, and has during the existence of the present Parliament honorably observed the conditions of his bargain. It would be impossible in any circumstances to gag Mr. Labouchers office must necessarily impose conditions that would be unbearably irksome. He has nothing to gain be unbearably irksome. He has nothing to gain and much to lose by donning the livery of the Treasury Bench, and has always displayed so shrewd an appreciation of his own well-being that he may be expected safely to mass through the he may be expecte coming temptation. expected safely to pass through to

DEATH IN HIGH PLACES.

BRILLIANT ACTOR AND AN AMIABLE YOUNG PRINCESS.

Paris, September 25. What a time this is for eminent and prominent seeple dying! Grevy, after the long span of fourcore and six, was buried in state the other day. The painter Ribot's wife, daughter and about a couple of dozen brother artists and art critics, walked recently in a scorching sun for a distance of not less than nine miles, from Bois Colombe to the cemetery of Montparnasse. Marais, the actor, whom we identify with Michel Strogoff, also met the doom of all flesh a few days ago and was buried on the first anniversary of the laughterloving Jeunne Samary's death.' Marais was originally a bag-man for a lace factory, and of a feverish self-assertive nature, with a strong dose of vanity and the dramatic instinct. He passed his evenings in theatres, attached to claques. In this way he learned how stage business should be got through. He made his debut in the little theatre for beginners of the Rue de la Tour d'Auvergne, and thence went with bound to the Odeon, to play the Tsigane's part in the "Danicheff." He was a splendid, strutting creature. His greatest success was as Michel Strogoff, the Czar's courier. The playgoing public liked him vastly. He was best when his energy was exerted to prevent bombast run ning away with him. He would have liked to rant, and would have done it well-better than M. Mounet Sully-but he knew when to pull himself up. The effect of doing so gave a magnetism to his acting which set the nerves of the spectators vibrating Marias had not a high source of inspiration. He could not have kept pace with Victor Hugo's muse, but was the best actor I ever saw for some dashing drama in a quiet, modern spirit, though not quite free from Munchausenism. The poor fellow thought his fortune made when

he entered the Français, after playing with Sarah Bernhardt in "Theodora" and "Cleopatra" and He was, at Sardou's request, Marie Delorme." offered the part in "Thermidor" of the soldier of the Republican war who, coming back to Paris on furlough under the Reign of Terror, falls in love with Fabienne and becomes the hero of the drama. It was a long and difficult part, and quite equal to the one which fell to Coquelin. Marais studied it with feverish excitement, and played it once with greater success than he could have hoped for however sanguine he might have been. But as Sardou has enemies more influential than Wagner, "Thermidor" was interdicted. It was a terrible disappointment to Marais, and accelerated the course of the central disorder which the death of his first wife, the charming Helen Petit, brought on. He burned to strut the boards, and when unable to appear in public used to go to his dressing-room, put on a costume and play the part belonging to it before a lookingglass. He felt that he was in style too unlike the other members of the Theatre Francais to get on well with them. As a matter of fact, they tried to freeze him. He was not given the opportunity to quarrel with them, and chafed terribly under the cold insolence with which he was treated. He was over-sensitive. But this defect was at the root of his vain-glorious character. He was also in the habit of falling in with authors who suited him, and had the luck never to be engaged in a poor part or to have to give life to a convenin "l'Abbe Constantin," and Nana Sahib in a melodrama written by Richepin for Sarah Bernhardt. Marais won unqualified applause, and each of these characters delighted the public throughout a run of more than a hundred nights. The Francais seemed to him a prison. He weariness of inaction brought on brain fever, and he died without pain and without the knowledge that devoted friends were around him. His second wife was his guardian angel. She carried devotion so far as to set up a little shrine in his study

sacred to his first wife. I must also chronicle the death of the Grand Duchess Paul, sister-in-law and second cousin of the Czar, niece of the Czarina (and of course the Princess of Wales) and daughter of the King and Queen of Greece. Her death may be said to be the first real grief she ever cost her parents, though her going away from Athens as a bride was a cause of public lamentation. She was a weet young being, resembling the Princess of Wales, after whom she was called Alexandra. A multitude of Athenians went down to the Piraeus to see the Princess off. They wept as they invoked God to bless her, and when the steamer in which she embarked was leaving its moorings and an imperial salute being fired, they dropped down on their knees to pray more fervently. Such a sight was probably never witnessed before. The Greeks associate the royal family with a long period of growth in all directions, and continued peace and prosperity. The Queen is one of the pest-hearted of women, the mother of the orphans of her capital, and the helpful and sympathizing friend of the poor. Her children were all born on Greek soil, and have grown up at Athens and caught the Greek spirit. King George links the little Old World eity in which he lives with the great modern ones of Russia and England. His diplomatic capacity and family connections, and his good mental balance, have been instrumental in obtaining territorial extension without war. Alexandra was counted the flower of the flock. At any rate, she was the eldest girl, and was little more than eighteen when she left her sunny country to reside with her husband at Illinskoe, near Moscow. It must have been a dreadful change to of penance. So he stayed at home and abandoned go from beneath the bright sky of cobalt blue, that profession, becoming instead the librarian and the still bluer island-studded sea and violet mountains of Greece, to a country where winter reigns for seven months in the year, and women of rank and fortune are as hothouse plants.

The Grand Duchess had an adoring but sad husband, Paul, the youngest son of Alexander II and his beautiful but sick and melancholy wife, Mary Feodorovna, nee Princess of Hesse-Darmstadt. Paul was thought to be a confirmed pachelor. He was something of a valetudinarian, bachelor. He was something of a valetudinarian, hated St. Petersburg, was thought to be consumptive, and nived a good deal in Italy and Sicily. He made the acquaintance of the Princess Alexandra on his way as a pilgrim to the Holy Places and to open a Greek charen at Jerusalem, and fell in love with her. Little is known of her death other than that she was attacked with convulsions and a child was born who has survived her. A London journal, whose St. Petersburg correspondent is admitted to the Imperial circle on a highly favored footing, states that the fatal illness of the Grand Duchess arose from the horses of her carriage running away.

The death of the Grand Duchess Panl has caused the different members of the Imperial family of Russia wao were here and at San Se-

caused the different members of the Imperior family of Russia who were here and at San Sebastian for health and pleasure to hasten home. The Grand Duke and Duchess Viadimir arrived in Paris this afternoon and halted just long enough for the Grand Duchess to rest, try on some mourning dresses ordered by telegraph; and have them packed to be taken away this evening. They are accompanied by the Grand Duke Alexis and the Duke and Duchess of Leuchlenberg. M. Carnot has telegraphed a message of condelness.

THREE INDIANS.

NOTABLE LEADERS OF THOUGHT AND AC-TION IN HINDOSTAN.

Calcutta, September 1. "The greatest man in India," is the popular estimation of him who died the other day, the Pundit Iswara Chandra. The tribute will seem extravagant to the outer world, where the man's name is scarcely known. A hundred others are far better known, far more conspicuous in recent Indian history. Indeed, for many years the name of Iswara Chandra has been absent from the newspapers, and one will search in vain for it in the lists of those upon whom great titles and decorations have been conferred. Yet if the estimate be based upon his actual achievements, it will not seem too great; and if it be determined by the popular grief at his death, one will not hesitate to pronounce that he was indeed the greatest of the Hindoos.

Perhaps the most striking feature of his remarkable career was his defiance, and successful deflance, of Brahminism. He was himself a Brahmin of the Brahmins, of the very highest caste. And it was indeed because of that very fact that he ventured to put himself in direct opposition to his whole order, and that he was able to overcome and to bring all his compeers to his way of thinking. It is now thirty-five years since he took up the cause of the child-widows of India. Had any lesser man undertaken the task, he would have been doomed to overwhelming defeat. He had arrayed against him all the religious, social and political sentiments of India. If he failed, he would be an outcast, worse than a dog, whom no other Brahmin would so much as look upon, if possible. He took up the cause, single-handed, and by the sheer sublimity of his moral and spiritual worth, carried through the law of 1856. How he accomplished this is one of the most extraordinary passages in Indian history.

There is nothing a Brahmin detests more than on attack upon his religion. Even if you convince him that a certain law or practice works evil, he will listen to no suggestion of replacing it with a new one. Iswara Chandra knew this; or rather, he lived up to it, for he himself was the strictest of Brahmins in this very respect. He saw, however, that the existing customs were evil. Therefore, he said, they are not pure Brahmins; they have become corrupted; a return must be had to the pure ancient faith. So he devoted years of profound study to the sacred books. And there was not a Pundit in all the land who did not respect his scholarship. He found that in former years women had far greater liberty than now. The regulations bearing so intolerably upon childwidows had no existence in those earlier and more prosperous days, wherefore he urged upon his fellow-religionists, not any new thing, but the forsaking of new things and a return to the pristine faith. Such argument, backed up by his inquestioned authority as a scholar, was convincing and successful. It would have been an incommonly shrewd bit of work on the part of man to whom it was merely a diplomatic trick. But to him it was not merely tact. He only prevailed upon others by the very arguments by which he had himself been convinced.

This one achievement would give to Iswara Chandra a place in the Hindoo pantheon comparable with that given in America to the author of the Emancipation Proclamation. But that was by no means his sole life work. He was the creator of the modern literature of Bengal. For forty years he was indisputably the foremost prose writer in all the land. It was his object to found a new school of literature, of a more vigor. ous and wholesome type than that which had existed. He found the very language of the country in a corrupt and changeful state. He moulded it and fixed its form, restoring largely the old Sanskrit purity, but adding many new words from European tongues. Then his prolific pen sent forth many volumes which must me classic. Many of them were educational in character. Indeed, he gave to Bengal its entire system of linguistic text books. So great were his literary achievements and so vast his learning, that he was called by popular acclaim Vidyasagara," which means "Ocean of Learning," a title by which he was ever after known,

For two score years he was the unchallenged leader of the literary world of Bengal. But neither this nor his work of reform in social laws was, to him at any rate, his greatest achievement or his fellow men. Resolutely turning his back upon all the honors and powers and fame that might have been his, he strove to realize to the fullest possible degree the Hindoo ideal of selfdenial, charity, spiritual exaltation, and efface. ment from the world. In this, too, he was unique. He did not, as do so many, seek these ends in the life of a recluse. He did not avoid contamination by avoiding contact with others. On the contrary, be mingled daily with his fellowmen, ignoring social ranks and caste. He gave to all who were needy and ministered to all who were sick. He never heritated to enter the house of a man of the lowest caste and to perform there even the most menial services. Any other high caste Brahmin would have shrunk from such defilement. But he took a loftier view. His purity was so immaculate, or so unassailable, rather, that contact with that which was base could not sully it in the least. What is it to be pure," he said, "if one must also be a prisoner within the pale of easte?" And so he went about personally doing good, and at the same time not neglecting to organize systematic charities after the manner of European nations. Thus he spent most of his Wealth," he said, "belongs to no man, but only great fortune, which he would never call his. the right to dispose of it."

This was a Brahmin of the purely spiritual type, a type which is, unhappily, growing less common year by year. At nearly the same date there died another Brahmin of the best worldly type, who was in a worldy point of view by far more eminent. This was Dr. Mitra, or, in Hindoo phrase, the Rajah Rajendra Lala Mitra. Simply as a scholar, he ranked almost as high as Iswara Chandra. But his scholarship was of a different type. He had no mission save an intellectual one. He devoted himself to researches into Sanskrit literature, not for spiritual edification, nor to restore purity to the Hindoo faith, but merely to find and preserve literary gems, as any foreigner might have done. He was at first educated as a physician, and wished to visit England to complete his course of study. But to cross the sea would have defiled his caste and doomed him to a life of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. This society had an unrivalled collection of manuscripts and other relics of the palmy days of Sanskrit literature, to the study of which Dr. Mitra devoted himself. He was a perfect master of every important Indian dialect of the present day, and he wrote and spoke English with singular purity. In addition to these, he became entirely familiar with French, German, Greck, Latin, Persian and Sanskrit-so familiar that he could think in any of them just as readily as in the vernacular.

Having exhausted the historical treasury of the Asiatic Society, he set out to explore and survey personally all the sacred sites and historic places in Bengal and Orissa, for the purpose of identifying them, connecting them harmoniously with the ancient narratives regarding them, and rescuing their inscriptions from oblivion. He was accompanied by a force of surveyors, draughtsmen and photographers, and thus secured elaborate and accurate descriptions and pictures of every historic place and building. A portion of the fruits of this creat undertaking may be seen in his "History of the Antiquities of Orisas," a truly monumental work. He was a prolific writer, however, and more than lifty other important books were written and published by him, some in Bengulese, some in English, and some in Sanskrit. He also edited several periodicals, and was for years director of the Court of Wards College in Calcutta. The

British Government showered titles and honors

upon him, and he was a member of numerous learned societies in all parts of the world.

Yet another death is to be recorded, that one of the foremost native statesmen of India. This was Sir Madhava Rao, the Prime Minister of Baroda. When the former Gaekwar of that important State was deposed for his infamous crimes, his successor, the present Gackwar, was an infant. Sir Madhava Rao, accordingly on being made Prime Minister, became really the Regent. During all the years of Gaekwar's minority the Minister ruled State with a firm hand. He held closely to the Hindoo traditions of government, but was zealous in correcting abuses, and strove earnestly to bring his government into harmony with British constitutional ideas. So successful was he that he made Baroda one of the most prosperous and contented of all the Indian States, and at the same time one of the most loyal to the Empire. Moreover, the young Gaekwar was really trained and educated by him, and so was brought to be one of the best of all the native rulers, most friendly with the Imperial Government, and the idol of his own people.

Sir Madhava retired from the Ministry some eight years ago, and thenceforth lived at Madras. He did not follow the example of many of his countrymen, however, and become a "sanyasi," or ascetic recluse. On the contrary, down to the end of his life he was the active head of the Hindoo community. He was a member of the Legislative Council of Madras, and identified himself conspicuously with all social and political movements for the welfare of the people. There was no more zealous advocate of reform of the marriage-laws, and of permitting the remarriage of widows. At the same time he would resist any attempt of the British Government to impose such reforms upon India. He believed that the changes should come from within, that the Hindoos could and would achieve the needful progress without external intervention. In no other way, he believed, could such changes be made successfully, for only under such conditions would they be commendable to the masses of the Hindoo people. He therefore opposed the English-made "Age of Consent" act, and sternly disapproved the "Home Rule" scheme which was pushed forward at last year's National Congress. These are things of foreign origin, and the Hindoos would have none of them. They would doubtless soon attain exactly the same end, but they would insist on doing so in their own way. Regeneration must come from within Hindeo society, not from without. And it may well be dded that the most thoughtful British statesmen hold the same belief.

ALONG THE MAINE COAST.

EASTPORT HARBOR AND CAMPO BELLO.

SUMMER SCENES " DOWN EAST " AND THE COM-ING OF THE SEASON OF STORMS.

Eastport, Me., Sept. 26 .- When the patriotic American is in New-England he may travel to the north and east and the latitude is not to be taken into consideration as indicating direction, for it is all "Down East." But when one reaches Eastport, the town of fish-sardines, chiefly; at any rate they are called sardines-he has gone about as far "Down East" as he can hope to travel without stepping over into Of course Eastport is not so dangerpagnn territory. ously near the Canadian frontier as to make the scrupulously careful man nervous lest he should unwittingly stand with one foot in Maine and one in Canada. But it is far enough "Down East" to confuse some innocent travellers. On the deck of a steamer which sailed into Eastport Harbor this summer stood a man who looked intently at the green slope of Campo Bello Island and the hills where Eastport stands. Then he turned and said in a tone the indignation of which was heart-stirring: shame that this country does not belong to the United States." If the fish-smelling town of Eastport is as unfortunate as Campo Bello, as he fancies, the Yankee fishermen there do not know it. Another stranger, n New-York man, went into the postoffice at Eastport shortly after his arrival in the place. He came out with pathetically perplexed look in his eyes.

"This is a funny country," he said. "I asked for

a stamp and they gave me an American stamp. Of what use is a United States stamp here? The worst of it is I haven't any Canadian money and I don't see how I can get a Canadian stamp." But he had not studied geography for a long time. If you like contrasts you should make two visits to

Eastport. In August you will not find a more beautiful sail than that from the Penobscot Bay to Eastport. You are surrounded by Islands which are sparkling gems in a sparkling blue. Pretty bits of wood on them look cool and refreshing. At times your course canals in a wooded, grassy country of fields and pasture than the ocean off the seaboard of hardy On the shore the cliffs are of iron-rock, blackstained and sharply broken as ragged lightning. come in places straight from the water and dwarfish trees hang on the rocks, as bold and sturdy and as homely as the wicked reefs that now and then show above the water. The island-studded sea is sweettempered here, and the breezes which come out to meet the traveller are gentle in their touch of welcome.

Afterward you sall out where the water is more open. The ocean rolls with a stately dignity that has a little of summer idleness in it. If the wind is not fresh no speck of feathery foam on the flashing blue catches your eye. The waves are so true in their bellying course that the long-winged seabirds behind you come down between them with a swift stanting dart and sail, as it seems, on the very blue of the water, with no salt drop touching their white plumage. The coast becomes more high and more rugged. The rock walls are darker in tone and more frowning in aspect. At intervals you may see where winter winds driving the angry sea have torn great gaps in the black battlements of the coast. Other seas less turbulent have washed away the frag-ments and carried there a carpet of sand, which, smooth and white on an inclined plane, flashes back light rays to the unobscured sun. In the east is a pale shadow, which slowly darkens. It rises over the tinted sea just where the sky comes down to the water. Then you can see where it is traced from end to end-dark where it is crowned and bearded with woods, gray and faintly colored in light where the trees fall. It is the Grand Manan. Canadian

number comes from there.

Then you run in close to Campo Bello, round it and sail in a sheet of water wonderfully clear and smooth. Over on Campo Bello summer hotels with broad verandas look across at you. There are pleasant cottages and the tents of summer campers. Before you Eastport rises on the hills. It is a town of whitewalled houses up above and unpainted, weatherstained factories on the wharves down below. A spotless, gleaming church tower, standing high on a hill, tapers until it is as slender as an arrow. All the town seems to be out on the Bay. The decks of the pretty schooners show bearded fishermen sitting around on the decks waiting for the sinking sun to hide behind the hills. Saliboats, crowded with young people in gay-colored blazers, are drifting slowly in toward shore. There is no ripple on the water, and where the shadows of masts go straight down in the sea they twist like spiral wires. A rowboat comes noiselessly in to the shore. The air is so still that a laugh far out comes across the water without a break, and when a vessel down the harbor gives up her simless drifting and while coming to anchor runs down the lifeless sails, the running clicks are as clear and vibrant as a cricket's shuffling wings. Then over from Campo Bello comes a lively cheering. It is a Princeton cry from the camp of some of the New-Jersey college men. Their cheers have turned to college songs three hours later, when the rounded moon drops a gleaning veil over the quiet harbor and the old lishing town.

moon drops a gleaming veil over the quiet harbor and the old fishing town.

But when you return to Eastport in the fall it is not the same place. The san's fire is less fierce. The air is raw when night comes down. The breezes quicken your blood, but they sting unkindly. The camps are gone; the hotels are deserted. Light gowns and gay colors in dress are rare. The hillitops are cheeriess and the woods are dreary. The sparkle of the water has been smothered in a sullen blue; even the white houses have taken on a dull color. The green on the slopes is losing its life; and over the whole barbor is an atmosphere that is coldly gray.

Ontside, when your course is again on the ocean as you sail to the south, every wave is showing white teeth. The wind has the feeling of growing strength. The coast heights are blacker and the water rolling in to the shores gives a quick leap and a sullen roar when it meets the iron-bound rock. The reef bnoys do not sigh as they did early in August. Their notes are more warning, for the fall is advancing and with it sou'easters, which come with a black rush.

Rounding It Off.—"Why did you break off with Charlie, dear!" "Oh, he's such a perfect "flat," " "Well, you're to blame for that—you used to 'sit ou' tim too much."—(Fun.

Some men have no self-reliance. There's that young Mannikin, who, whenever he goes to the Serpentine to bathe, won't boldly take a header, no—he always stands shivering on the bank till he falls in with a friend.—(Fun.

A STUDENTS' BANQUET.

A MEMORY OF KARL I OF WURTEMBERG. The death of Karl I of Wurtemberg most affects the university students of Germany. Whatever may have been the late King's weaknesses or his unimportance in European diplomacy, he was cherished by the undergraduates of his University of Tubingen. When one of the students wrote a play or a poem and was lucky enough to find a publisher, the King was always prompt to return medal or a letter of thanks for an author's copy. More than once he invited the students to a bar quet at his hunting chateau of Bebenhausen-s few miles distant from Tubingen, the site of the Royal University. The young men often walk of an afternoon through the beech forests, or go horseback along the smooth road that winds tween the hills to the castle. This property of the late King was a cloister in the days of prosperous monkdom and was afterward adapted to the tastes of royalty. To-day it stands restored in the beauty of its early Gothic architecture, quiet and sombre in a miniature valley surrounded by well stocked preserves. A few houses cluster about the walls of the cloister-chateau, and in the late

autumn, when the King and his friends flocked to Stuttgart, the place became still and melancholy But in summer there was a gay contrast, when the King and his suite were here holiday-making It was at its gayest when he celebrated his twenty fifth anniversary as King. About a month after the festivities at Stuttgart, where the Kniser, the Czarovitch, the Regent of Bavaria, the King of Saxony and other princes and dignitaries assembled to pay their respects to longevity and harmlessness, the retreat of Bebenhausen had its gala

day. The King came by train to Tubingen-the near est approach by rail to the hunting eastle. The 1,400 students of the university were formed in espalier on the street leading from the station, the garrison was out, professors with becoming gravity had their position, plump, blue-eyed barmaids leaned from the inn windows, and country yokels, open-mouthed, awaited as well the coming of the King. As he approached at last, drawn slowly in a carriage, "vivas" were shouted lustily along the line. He accepted the demonstration quietly and gratefully, and heard with especial pleasure the cheering of the students. He passed the length of the line, crossed the old stone bridge over the Neckar, and then out to Bebenhausen.

 Λ little of the zest that was infused in the students' greeting was doubtless owing to the fact that most of them held in their breast-pockets tickets of admission to a great jubilee banquet that the King was to give in their honor at his hunting chateau. Notice of this fete had been made public a couple of weeks before his arrival Only 1,000 invitations were issued to the students for the cloister, with other invited guests, could accommodate no more. As there were several hundred less cards than undergraduates, the distribution was made by lot. The fellows who drew blanks and felt especially sore over their ill-luck were mysteriously supplied with tickets by professors or by the plethoric beadle. So that in the end nearly every student was prepared to do instice to royal hospitality. The day set for the feast was warm, and the

sky of that soft blue that sheds such beauty

over the vineyards, forests and glistening streams of Wurtemberg. Excitement ran all through the little provincial town of Tubingen, touching students and philistines alike. When the morning was well advanced the university swells began to leave their rooms and drop in at the barber's to be shaven and to have their hair dressed. This hair-dressing is a lavish work of the tonsorial art. The barber makes a part from the forehead over and down to the nape of the neck after the hair has been copiously oiled and perfumed. Having been carefully barbered, the student walks through the street with a scarlet or green or yellow corps cap cocked well on one ear, clad in skin-tight trousers and frock coat with an ivory headed walking-stick in hand. In this attire he saunters to an inn to meet some of his corps to talk, while drinking a mug of Munchener, about the afternoon's feast at Bebenhausen. The students are flitting about the town, in the glover's shop, or sitting in the beer halls, or all impatiently awaiting an event that will ever be for them a proud memory. About 3 o'clock carriages draw up at different houses and are soon filled with students. One fellow, with head swathed in bandages as a result of wounds received in a sword duel the day before, cries, from fourth story, to a friend. "Du, Fuchs, if you find cigars lying about don't forget me." All are off at last. Vehicles of every description have been called into service from the surrounding country, and they rattle at a smart pace to the cene of festivities. In crowds they enter the old gateway in the cloister wall through the passages and up to the main portal, where they are met by a massive chamberlain apparalled in the full gorgeousness of his office. They pass him and, going through a part of the edifice, come to the ambulatory and the court with its garden or fountain. The fellows walk about, crack jokes, look for their host, who doesn't appear, make merry, considering that it is a stag party to which they are invited and the potentate whom they have as host. Some time passes and no one has seen the King. The butlers finally begin to seat the students at tables in the court, in the great dining-hall, about the ambulatory, and in every available space. Each corps has its individual table, as well as the officers of the garrison. In view of the large number of guests and the limitations of the chateau kitchen, the food is served cold, but with all the variety the circumstances permit and the ingenuity of stewards can devise. German dishes in varying degrees of unctuousness are heaped on the tables and are made to disappear without effort. Servants run their legs off to keep up to the demand. Liquid refreshment is dispensed with unstinted hand. The optimist among the students anticipated having champagne, and a pessimist cloister most, but the medium is hit when beer and red and white still wines from the King's cellars are brought to the table regardless of measure. The army band is in the court playing favorite student airs. And when the substantial part of the collation is disposed of and nothing but bottles and boxes of cigars are on the tables and the gayety has waxed so high as to possess a ring of artificiality the King with a half-dozen courtiers appears suddenly amid the Hoch! Hoch! Hoch! of the students, who rise from their seats and cheer lustily for their sovereign and university patron.

A very curious incident now occurs amid all this rejoicing. The band strikes up Heine's song "Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedentes," in which the students join with great fervor, justifying the Frenchman's comment that a German when happiest sings his saddest song. At the conclusion of this tremendous chorus the King makes the round of the court, stopping at each table and receiving with a bow the salamander given by the students with their glasses. The King goes about well pleased with the joility of the crowd. Apparently he has just returned from a walk. He wears three oak leaves in a buttonhole, while the gentlemen of his little retinue wear but one. He stops and speaks with a Japanese, who loses his head altogether upon his first conversation with royalty. The King endeavors to catechise him, but during a long questioning the only response he gains is the unvarying "Yes, Your Majesty," "Yes, Your Majesty." The King has now made one circuit of the com-

pany. The red and white wines of the Wurtemberg vineyards that have grown old in cabinets in the King's cellars are still brought to the tables The music is of the liveliest, the songs of the students of the most rollicking, and the King makes a second promenade through the ambulatory amid reiterated cheers. The Gothic arches ring with laughter and music loud enough to make the bones of abbots buried in the cloister chapel turn in florror in their own mould. But the students do not think of monks dead five centuries. The wild abandon of youth thrills them. They sing of fealty to King and Fatherland, of their alma

mater, and of the ties that bind the one to the

The King makes a third round and then disappears as he came. It is near twilight now, The students begin to disperse and the wagons roll along the highway toward the university town. When the last load has gone quiet once more settles on Bebenhausen. The bats, frightened and screaming, flit again through the arches, the aiquilles of the Gothic cloister stand sharp against the evening sky. One shuts one's eye and the picture seems a memory—a memory such as is to-day Karl I, and the banquet to his university students.

STREETS PAVED WITH GOLD

SOME PEOPLE SEE IT AND SOME DON'T.

NEGLECTED BONANZAS THAT ITALIAN IMM.

GRANTS HAVE FOUND IN NEW-YORK. This is the season of the year to which men whe pay the city thousands of dollars a mouth for the privilege of "scow-trimming " look to get their money back Seow-trimming" is the enphemism for a very dity job, that of taking and picking over the garbage of the city as it is dumped by the cart-load upon the score that bear it out to sea. The rubbish has to be showed about, of course, in order to load the scow evenly and thoroughly, and the men who first undertook to perform this work for the privilege of keeping anyth

valuable they found in the garbage got a good deal of

sympathy from the public for being forced by west to work at so disgusting a job for such poor pay. These

men were Italians, who did the work with their o By degrees the profitable nature of the undertaking dawned upon the city politician and he bid for the ontract himself and, needless to say, secured it, sah letting the job to the linlians, who still did the actual work. Year by year the price has risen, till at preent the one contractor who has secured these privi leges at all the garbage dumps in the city pays about 84,000 a month into the public treasury. considered that he employs about 300 Italian laborers, at daily wages averaging over \$1 each, his annual out put must exceed a quarter of a million dollars. This

and much more he gets back from the rubbish.

As one thinks of the big sum, he naturally wonders how New-Yorkers can be so careless as to lose so many coins, bits of jewelry and valuable articles generally as all this amounts to, and he imagines the dusty and begrimed Italian pickers, as they rake over the foul-smelling garbage, ever and anon pounding with eager claw upon some glittering watch, golden orna nent, shining pin or missing coin, and adding it to the pile which goes to enrich the contractor. Be not deceived; these windfalls are few and far between, If you were to look at the piles of things the "trimfrom the scow, you would probably wonder why they did not let them go with the other

Bottles make one pile. These are sold to the bottling agents and those who deal in druggists' supplies. Old shoes form another. If there is any wear at all left in them, they are sold to cobblers on the East Side, who patch them up and sell them cheap, at econd hand. If they are past cobbling, the leather itself can be macerated and worked up into "leather ette," or "leather paper," used for decorative purpose and also for purposes of deception upon those who cannot tell it from real leather. Rags, no matter how dirty, compose another pile. These are taken to cellan in the Italian quarter and there carefully picked over by women and children, who sort them according to the material of which they are made. These are sold to papermakers. Scraps of paper go to the same place and are made into pulp, and again presented to the public in the clean, white sheets.

Another particularly foul-smelling heap is composed of bones. Think of all the bones that are thrown dally into the ash-barrels of such a city as New-York, uhere meat is cheap, wages high and the people accustomed to good living. Not one of them is wasted. They are burned and pulverized, and are used for refining sugar or enriching the soil of market garden and so come back to New-Yorkers in the shape of early cucumbers or crisp celery.

At this season of the year, when New-Yorkers are returning in shoals from the country, a great deal of housecleaning goes on, and the quantity of material which the householder regards as no good and so throws away increases largely, to the great delight of the scow-trimmers." Spring-time is even more profitable, and the dullest season of course is mid-ummer. The itinerant rag-pickers, who wander about the streets raking over the ash-barrels on their own account, also deplete the contractor's profits, but take it all the year through and the ash-barrels of this big city are a

steadily paying gold mine. This is not the only bonanza that has covered going to waste and unworked right under the eyes of the shrewd Yankee by the simple Italian mmigrant. Look at the boot-blacking and fruit-stand business of this city. Not many years ago most o the boot-polishing done in the hands of little boys, who, with little boxes on their on one leg in the crowded streets while they did this Then the Italians took hold of it.

on one leg in the crowded streets while they did this work. Then the Italians took hold of it. Comfortable arm chairs under shady awnings or big umbrellas invited the customer to sit at ease and read his paper while a muscular man put a dazzling polish on his shoes in half the time that the small boy required. Then the Italian who first saved enough money to buy two chairs hired another man to do the polishing at one of them, until in many instances one man owned a few dozen stands of this sort at available corners all over the city, and possibly the man who sits near you with glittering diamonds and stylish clothes at some uptown restaurant and orders champagne, while you have to content yourself with beer, is really a bootblack by profession, though he looks as if he never polished a since in his life, not even his own.

Mo doubt you have often listened with more or less patience to the band that played "White Wings" or "Comrades Eyer" on the boat as you went down to Coney Island, Rockaway, Long Branch, Sandy Hook, Glen Island, south Beach or other popular summet resorts, and when the hat was passed around you fell compelled to give something to the poor fellows whad such a precarious income as this to support life on. If you knew how many hundreds of dollars are paid to the steambout companies for the exclusive right to put musicians on these boats, who play for a fixed salary and turn in their collections to the contractor, who probably is spending his summer at Newport, you would not contribute unless you really liked the music, and were willing, as you should be, to pay for your entertainment.

THE FLAG ON SNOWDON.

From The Liverpool Post.

The record of the number of times Snowdon has been limbed is lost, but one ascent has just been made which is certainly unique. It was accomplished by a lagstaff which Sir Edward Watkin intends to raise on which is certainly unique. It was accomplished by a flagstaff which Sir Edward Watkin intends to raise on the topmost crest of the mountain, and there it the meteor flag of England. The staff was made at Lianberis. It was forty-two feet long, and weighed a quarter of a ton. A gang of ten men were engaged to help it up the mountain, and started early in the morning of what promised to be a fine day. The ascent from the Lianberis side is the most easy, and the party jogged along pretty comfortaby through the morning. But when the steepest shoulder of the hill was reached it began to look as if the first duty of the staff would be to hold out a flag of distress. They were not easily beaten, but at length were closed to the first duty of the staff would be to hold out a flag of distress. They were not easily beaten, but at length were obliged to give in, and the flagstaff was abandoned at considerable of Snowdon. Sir Edward Watkin at Snowdon, as at Charing Cross, is He who-must-be-obeyed. He had said the flagstaff must be carried to the top of snowdon before he made his next saturday-to-Monday visit to the Chulet. The ten men who had brought the staff from Lianberis, and had failed to get it up to the cairn, were engaged for the job. Volunteers were called for from Sir Edward's farm. Six came forward, and mounting the hill they, after a desperate struggle, sneeceded in landing the flagstaff where the ten men could not put it. It has not yet been set up, and possibly as the season is so far advanced, the completion of the work may be delayed till next year. But the flag will certainly be there, and soon the electric light, which already, worked by water power. Humines at nominal cost every room and corridor in the Chalet.

THE LORD AND THE BOBBY.

From Land and Water.

A story is just now going the rounds aproposed Lord Clanwilliam, the galiant and genial admiral who was so greatly responsible for the recent successful reception of the French fleet at Portsmouth. One sultry night Lord Clanwilliam was peacefully smoking his pipe outside his house in Belgrave Square attired in a somewhat free-and easy suit, which attracted the suspicion of a watchful policeman. The latter, according Lord Clanwilliam, inquired "What are you doing here! Do you belong to this house?" "No," was the answer, "the house belongs to me." From Land and Water.

Delight Followed by Torment

What man or woman will deay that a good dinner is present delight. Equally undeniable is it that when a well-cooked meal is succeeded by a fit of indigestion, rapture is converted into torture. Don't charge your dranepsia to your dinner. No, my dear sir, your gastric department was out of order to begin with. Had you regulated it with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters the cargo that you took on board would have been comfortably stowed away without the slightest inconvenience. This incomparable stomachic entirely reforms faulty digestion, and regulates, besides, the liver and the bowels, which must act harmoniously with the digestive organ, or all three fall out of gear. Take the Bitters for kidney and rhon-